## IRS. BADGERY.

Sketch from Life, by an Artist with No Sensibilities.

WILMOND COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "ARMA-DALE," "THE LADY IN WATE, ETC.

s there any law in England which will protect from Mrs. Badgery? om a backelor, and Mrs. Badgery is a widow. t suppose the wants to marry me! She is nothing of the sort. She has not at-orded to marry me, she would not think of rying me, even it i asked her. Understand, u please, at the outset, that my grievance lation to this widow lady is a grievance of

entirely new kind.

et me begin again. I am a bachelor of a cera age. I have a large circle of acquainte; but I solemnly declare that the late Mr.
ligery was never numbered on the list of my nds. I never heard of him in my life; I er knew that he had a relict; I never set son Mrs. Badgery until one fatal morning on I went to see if the fixtures were all at in my new house, by new house is in the suburbs of London, looked at if, sked it, took it. Three times I

ed it before I sent my furniture in. Once h a friend, once with a surveyor, once by self to throw a sharp eye, as I have already timated, over the fixtures. The third visit arked the tatal occasion on which I first saw are. Badgery. A deep interest attaches to this event, and I shall go into details in describing it. I rang at the bell of the garden door. The old man appointed to keep the house answered t. I directly saw something strange and coned in her face and manner. Some men would have pondered a little and questioned her. I am by nature impetuous, and a rusher at con-clusions. "Drunk," I said to myself, and walked

clusions. "Drunk." I said to myself, and walked into the house perfectly satisfied.

I looked into the front parlor. Grate all right, curtain pole all right, gas chandeller all ditto, ditto, as we men of business say. I mounted the stairs. Biind on back window right? Yes; blind on back window right. I opened the door of the nont drawing-room, and there, sitting in the middle of the bare floor, was a large woman on a little cump stool! She was dressed in the deepest mourning; her face was hidden by the

on a little camp stool! She was dressed in the deepest mourning; her face was hidden by the thickest crape veil I ever saw; and she was groaning sortly to herself in the desolate solitude of my new influenciated house.

What did I do? Do! I bounced back into the landing as if I had been shot, attering the national exclamation of terror and astonishment:—
"Hullo!" (And here I particularly beg, in "Hullo!" (And here I particularly beg, in parenthesis, that the printer will follow my spelling of the word, and not put Hillo, or Halloa, instead, both of which are senseless impromises which represent no sound that yet issued from an Englishman's lips.) I, "Hullo!" and then I turned round fiercely pon the old woman who kept the house, and

aid "Hullo!" again. She understood the irresistible appeal that I and made to her feelings, and curtseyed, and coked towards the drawing-room, and humbly hoped that I was not startled or put out. I asked who the crape-covered woman on the eamp-stool was, and what she wanted there. Before the old woman could answer, the soft groaning in the drawing-room ceased, and a muffled voice, speaking from behind the crape veil, addressed me reproachfully, and said:—
"I am the widow of the late Mr. Badgery,"

What do you think I said in answer? Exactly the words which, I flatter myself, any other sensible man in my situation would have said. and what words were they. These two:-

"Oh, indeed!"
"Mr. hadgery and myself were the last tenants who inhabited this house," continued the muffled voice. "Mr. Badgery died here." The voice crased, and the soit groans began again. It was, perhaps, not necessary to answer this; but I did answer it. How? In two words

"Our house this been long empty," resumed the voice, choked by sobs. "Our establishment has been broken up. Being left in reduced cirs not home to me. This is home. However ong I live, wherever I go, whatever changes nay happen to this beloved house, nothing can nay happen to this beloved house, nothing can yer prevent me from looking on it as my home, came here, sir, with Mr. Badgery, after our honey-moon. All the brief happiness of my life was occe, contained within these four walls. Every dest remembrance that I fondly cherish is

Again the voice ceased, and again the soft roans echoed round my empty walls, and oozed out past file down my uncarpeted staircase.
I reflected. Mrs. Badgera's brief happiness and dear remembranees were not included in the list of fixtures. Why could she not take them away with her? Why should she leave them littered about in the way of my furniture? I was just thinking how I could put this view of the case strongly to Mrs. Badgery, when she suddenly left of grosning, and addressed me once more.

"While this house has been empty," she said,
"I have been in the habit of looking in from
time to time, and renewing my tender associations with the place." I have lived, as it were,
in the sacred memories of Mr. Badgery and of
the page, which these dear, these priceless rooms call up, dismaniled and dusty as they are at the present moment. It has been my practice to give a remuneration to the attendant for any slight trouble that I might occasion—"
"Only suppose, sir," whispered the old

woman close at my car.

"And, to ask nothing in return," continued Mrs. Badgery, "but the permission to bring my camp-stool with me, and to meditate on Mr. Badgery in the empty rooms, with every one of which some happy thought, or eloquent word, or tender action of his, is so sweatly associated. I came here en my usual errand to day. I am discovered, i presume by the new proprietor of the house discovered. I am quite ready to admit, as an intruder. I am willing to go, if you wish it after hearing my explanation. My heart is full, sir; I am quite incapable of contending with you. You would hardly think it, but I am sitting on the spot once occupied by our ottoman. I am looking towards the window in which my flower stand once stood. In this very place, Mr. Barkery first sat down and clasped me to his heart, when we came back from our honey moon trip. 'Matilda,' he said, 'your drawing toom has been expensively papered, carpeted, and jurnished for a month; but it has saily been sworned, love, since you entered it,' If you have to sympathy, six, tor such a sympathy are nothing pitiremembrances as these: w you see nothing piti-able in my position, taken in connection with my presence here; if you cannot enter into my feelings, and thoroughly understand that this is not a house, but a shrine—you have only to say so, and I am quite willing to go."

She spoke with the air of a martys a martyr to my insensibility. If she had been the pro-prietor and I had been the intruder, she could not have been more mournfully magnamenous.
All this time, too, she never raised her veil; she never has raised it, in my presence, from that time to this. I have, no idea whether she is young or old, dark or tair, handsome or ugly; my impression is that she is in every respect a finished and perfect Gorgon; but I have no basis of fact on which I can support that horrible idea. A moving mass of crape and a muffled voice—that, if you drive me to it, is all I know, in a personal point of view, of Mrs. Badgery.

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session. I regret to have disturbed your medi-tations, and I am sorwy to hear that Mr. Badgery is dead. That is all khave to say about it; and now, with your kind permission, k will do myself the honor of wishing you good morning, and will go up-stairs to look after the fixtures of the second floor."

uld I have given a gentler hint than this? Could I have spoken more compassionately to a woman whom I sincerely believe to be old and ugly? Where is the man to be found who can lay his hand on his heart, and bonestly say that

lay his band on his heart, and bonestly say that he ever really pitied the sorrows of a Gorgon? Search through the whole surface of the globe, and you will discover human phenomena or all sories; but you will not find that man.

To resume. I made her a bow, and left her on the camp-stool, in the middle of the drawing-room floor, exactly as I had found her. I ascended to the second floor, walked into the back room first, and inspected the grate. It appeared to be a little out of repair, so I stooped down to look at it closer. While I was kneeling over the bars, I was violently startled by the fall of one large drop of warm water, from a fall of one large drop of warm water, from a great height, exactly on the middle of a baid place, which had been widening a great deal of late years, on the top of my bead. I turned on my knees, and looked around. Heaven and earth! the crape-covered woman had followed me up stairs—the source from which the drop of warm water had fallen was Mrs. Badgery's

the top of my head, ma'am," I remarked. My patience was becoming exhausted, and Lepoke with considerable asperity. The curly-headed youth of the present age may not be able to sympathize with my feelings on this occasion; but my bald brethren know, as well as I do, that the most unpardonable of all liberties is a liberty taken with the unguarded top of the human head.

human head. Mrs. Badgery did not seem to hear me. When she had dropped the tear, she was standing ex-actly over me, looking down at the grate; and she never starred an inch after I had spoken. Don't cry over my head, ma'am," I repeated,

more irritably than before.

"This was his dressing room," said Mrs. Badgery, indulging in muffled solitory. "He was singularly particular about his shaving water. He always liked to have it in a little tin pot, and he invariably desired that it might be placed on this hob." She grouned again, and tapped one side of the grate with the leg of her camp-

If I had been a woman, or if Mrs, Badgery had been a man, I should now have proceeded to extremities, and should have vindicated my right to my own house by an appeal to physical force. Under existing circumstances, all that I could do was to express my indignation by a

glance.
The glance produc % not the slightest resultwith any effect, throug. and look at a woman, with any effect, throug. appe veit?

I retreated into the se. door front room, and instantly shut the door a fine. The next moment I heard the rustling of the crape garments outside, and the muffled voice of Mrs. Badgery poured lamentably through the key-

"Do you mean to make that your bed-room?" asked the voice on the other side of the door. "Oh! don't, don't make that your bed-room! I am going away directly—but, oh pray, pray let that one room be sacred! Don't sleep there! If you can possibly help it, don't sleep there!" I opened the window, and looked up and down the road. If I had seen a policeman within hall I should cartainly have called him in. No such person was visible. I shut the window again, and warned Mrs. Badgery, through the door, in my sternest tones, not to interfere with my domestic arrangements. "I mean to have my own iron bedstead put up here," I said. "And, what is more, I mean to sleep here. And what is more, I mean to snore here!" Severe, I think, that last sentence! It completely crushed Mrs. Badgery for the moment. I heard

the crape garments rustling away from the door;
I heard the muffled groans going dowly and solemnly down the stairs again.
In due course of time I also descended to the ground floor. Had Mrs. Badgery really lest the premises? I looked into the front im for empty. Back parlor—empty. Any other room on the ground floor? Yes, a long room at the end of the passage. The door was closed. I opened it cautiously, and peoped in. A faint scream, and a smack of two distractedly clasped hands saluted my appearance. There she was, again on the camp stool, again sitting exactly in

the middle of the floor, "Don't, don't look in that wey!" cried Mrs. Badgery, wringing her hands. 'I could bear it in any other room, but I can't bear at in this. Every Monday morning I looked out the things for the wash in this room. He was dislibile to please about his linear, the washerwoman never put starch enough in his collars to satisfy him. Oh, how often and often he has popped his head in here, as you popped yours just now, and said, in his amusing way, 'More starch!' Oh, how droll he always was-how very, very droll in this dear little back room !"-

I said nothing. The situation had now got beyond words. I steed with the door in my hand, looking down the passage towards the garden, and waiting doggedly for Mrs. Badgery to go out. My plan-succeeded: She rose, sighed, shut up the camp-stool, staked along the passage, paused on the hall mat, said to herselt, "Sweet, sweet spot!" descended the steps, selt, "Sweet, sweet spot!" descended the steps, groaned along the gravel-walk, and disp-perred from my view at last through the garden

"Let her in again at your peril," said I to he woman who kept the house. She curtseyed and trembled. I left the premises, satisfied with my own conduct under-very trying circumstances; delusively convinced also that I had done with Mrs. Badgary.

Mrs. Badgery.
The next day I sent in the furniture. most unprotected object on the face of this carth is a house when the nurniture is going in. The doors must be kept open; and employ as many servants as you may nobody can be depended on asia domestic sentry so long as the yan is at the gate. The confusion of "moving in" demoralizes the steadiest disposition, and there is no such thing as a properly guarded post from the top of the house to the bottom. How the lavasion was managed, how the surprise was effected, I know not, but it is certainly the fact, that when my furniture went in, the inevitable Mrs. Bad-

gery went in along with it.

I have some very choice engravings, after the old masters; and I was first awakened to a con-sciousness of Mrs. Badgery's presence in the house while I was hanging up my proof impres-sion of Titian's Venus over the front parlor fireplace. "Not there!" cried the muffled voice, imploringly, "His portrait used to ham there! Oh, what a print—what a dreadful, dreadful print to put where his dear portrait used to be !"

I turned round in a fury. There she was, still muffled up in crape, still carrying her about nable camp-stool. Before I could say a word in remonstrance, six men in green baize aprons staggered in with my sideboard, and Mrs. Bad-gery suddenly disappeared. Had they trampled her under foot, or crushed her in the doorway Though not an inhuman man by nature, I asked myself those questions quite composedly. No

ery long time elapsed before they were practi-city answered in the negative by the reappear-ance of Mrs. Badgers has all Mrs. Badgery herself, in a periectly un condition of chromic grief. In the course Cay I had my toes trouben on, I was ides. A moving mass of crape and a muffled voice—that, if you drive me to it, is all I know, in a personal golf of view, of Mrs. Badgery.

"Ever since my irreparable loss, this has been the shrine of my pilgrimage, and the altar of my worship," proceeded the voice. "One man may call himself a landord, and say that he will let it; another man seay call himself a tenant, and say that he will take a. I don't blame either of those two men; I don't wish to intrude on either of those two men; I only tell them that this is my home; that my heart is still in possession, and that no mortal laws, land-

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lords, or tenants, can ever turn it out. If you don't understand this, sir, if the holiest feelings that do honor to our common nature have no particular sanctity in your estimation, prayide not scruple to say so; pray tell me to go."

"I don't wish to do snything uncivil, ma'am,"
said I. "But I am's single man, and I am act sentimental." (Mrs. Badgery groaned.) "Nobody told me I was coming late a Shrine when I took this hound; nobody warned me, when I first went over it, that there was a Heart in post of this; but I am positively certain that I never entirely got rid of her, all day; and I know to pay not rid of her all day; and I know to pay not rid of her all

rantly persisted in placing a sofs in the position which Mr. Badgery, in his time, considered to be particularly fitted for an arm-chair. I could go nowhere, took nowhere, do nothing, say nothing, all that day, without bringing the widowed incubus in the crape gardicular down upon me immediately. It fried civil remenstrances, I tried rude speeches, I tried sulky silence—nothing had the least effect for lier. The memory of Mr. Badgery was the shield of proof with which she warded off my being stracks. Not till the last article of furniture had been moved in, did I lose sight of her; and even then she had not really lett the house. One of my six men in green baize approps routed her out of the back garden area, where she was telling my servants, with floods where she was telling my servants, with floods of tears, of Mr. Badgery's virtuous strictness with his housemaid in the matter of followers, My admirable man in green baize courageously

My admirable man in green baize courageously saw her out, and shut the garden door after her. I gave him belien-crown on the spot; and it anything happens to him, I am ready to make the future prosperity of his fatherless family my own peculiar care.

The next day was Sunday; and I attended morning service at my new parish church.

A popular preacher had been announced, and the building was crowded. I advanced a little way up the nave, and looked to my right, and saw no room. Before I could look to my left, I saw no room. Before I could look to my left, it left a hand laid persuasively on my arm. I tunned round and—there was Mrs. Badgery, with her pew-door open, solembly beckening me in. The crowd had closed up behind me; the eyes of a dozen members of the congregation at least were fixed on me. I had no choice but to save appearance, and accept the dreadful in vitation. There was a vacant place next to the door of the pew. I tried to drop into it, but Mrs. Badgery stopped me. "His seat," she whispered, and signed to me to place my-elt on the other side of her. It is unnecessary to say that I had to climb over a hassock, and that I knocked down all Mrs. Badgers's devotional books better I succeeded in passing between her and the front of the pew. She cried uninterand the Font of the pew. She cited in inter-ruptedly through the service, composed herself when it was over, and began to tell me what Mr. Badgery's opinions had been on points of abstract theology. Fortunately there was great confusion and crowding at the door of the church, and I escaped at the hazard of my life, by running round the back of the carriages. I passed the interval between the services alone in the fields, being deterred from going home by the fear that Mrs. Badgery might have got there before.

Monday came I positively ordered my servants to let no lady in deep mourning pass inside the garden door, without first consulting me. After that, feeling tolerably secure, I occupied myself in arranging my books and prints.
I had not pursued this employment much more

than an hour, when one of the servants burst excitably into the room, and informed me that a lady in deep mourning had been taken faint just outside my door, and had requested leave to come in and sit down for a few moments. I ran down the garden path to bolt the door, and arrived just in time to see it violently pushed open by an officious and sympathizing crowd. They drew away on either side as they saw me. There she was, leaning on the grocer's shoulder, with the butcher's boy in attendance, carrying her camp-stool! Leaving my servants to do what they siked with her, I ran back, and locked myself up in my bedroom. When she evacuated the premises, some hours afterwards, I received a message of apology, informing me that this particular Monday was the sad anniversary of her wedding day, and that she had been taken faint, in consequence, at the sight of her lost

husband's house.

The sight of her lost husband's house.

The sight of her lost husband's house.

The sight for house invasion. After lunch, I thought I would go out and take a walk. My garden door has a sort of peep-hole in it, covered with a wire grating. As I got close to this grating, I thought I saw something mysteriously dark on the outside of it. I bent my head down to look through. and instantly found myself face to face with the crape veil. "Sweet, sweet spot!" said the muffled voice, speaking straight into my eyes through the grating. The usual groans followed, and the name of Mr. Badgery was plaintively pro-nounced before I could recover myself suffi-

dently to retreat to the house. Wednesday is the day on which I am writing this narrative. It is not twelve o'clock yet, and there is every probability that some new form of sentimental persecution is in store for me before the evening. Thus far these lines contain a per-tectly true statement of Mrs. Badgery's conduct towards me since I entered on the possession of my house and her shrine. What am I to do?—that is the point I wish to insist on—what am I to do? How am I to get away from the memory of Mr. Badgery, and the unappeasable grief of his disconsolate widow? Any other of invasion it is possible to resist; but how is a man, placed in my unhappy and unparalleled circumstances, to defend simself? I can't keep a dog ready to fly at Mrs. Badrery. I can't charge her at a police Budgery. I can't charge her at a ponce court with being oppressively fond of the house in which her husband died. I can't set maniful which her husband died. I can't set maniful which her husband died. I can't set maniful which her husband died. traps for a woman, or prosecute a weeping widow as a trespasser and a milsance. I am helplessly involved in the unrelaxing folds of Mrs. Badgery's crape vell. Surely there was no exaggeration in my language when I said that I was a sufferer under a periodly new grievance!

Can anybody advise me? Has anybody had even the remotest experience of the peculiar form of persecution which I am now enduring?
If nobody has, is there, any legal gentleman in
the United Kingdom who can answer the allimportant question which appears at the head of this narrative. I began by asking that ques-tion because it was uppermost in my mind. It uppermost in my mind still; and I therefore beg leave to conclude appropriately by asking it Is there any law in England which will proteet me from Mrs. Badgery ?

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HOT-AIR FURNACE. RANGES OF ALL SIZES. ALSO, PHIEGAR'S NEW LOW PRESSURF STEAM HEATING APPARATUS:

CHARLES WILLIAMS No. 1122 MARKET STREET.

And the continues of the party of the party

No. 20 SLEET FORCE OR

COAL.

GEOVAY DOORE

- IS SELLING THE

PRESTON COAL,

Which is the very best SCHUYLKILL COAL coming to the market, and and

AT ST PER TON. ALSO EAGLE VEIN Same sizes, at same prices.

Deliverable to any part of the city, perfectly clean, and free of siate.

Orders received at No. 114 South THIRD Street. EMPORIUM,

No. 1314 WASHINGTON Avenue.

COAL! COAL!!

BEST QUALITIES OF COAL AT LOWEST MARKET RATES. ALTER'S

COAL YARD,

NINTH STREET. BELOW CIRARD AVENUE.

BRANCH OFFICE CORNER OF SIXTH AND SPRING GARDEN STREETS.

JAMES O'BRIEN. DEALER IN

LEHIGH AND SCHUYLKILL COAL, BY THE CARGO OR SINGLE TON.

Yard, Broad Street, below Fitzwater. Has constantly on hand a competent supply of the above superior Coal, suitable for family use, to which he calls the attention of his friends and the public generally,
Orders left at Mo. 206 S. Fight street, No. 32 S.
Seventeenth street, or through Despatch or Post
Office, promptly attended to.
A SUPERIOR QUARITY OF BLACKSMITHS
COAL.
78 \$

ROBERT P. BENDER. COAL DEALER,

S. W. CORNER BROAD AND CALLOWHILL STREETS

None but the best WEST LEHIGH, all sizes, from the Greenwood Colliery, on hand, and for sale for CASH [2 10 6mg Also, ENGINE, HEATER, AND FURNACE COALS

GOVERNMENT SALES.

ALEOFMANURE Assistant Quartermaster's Office,
PHILADELPHIA DEPOT March 29, 1866.
Will be sold to the highest bidder, at Public Agetion, on TUESDAY, the 3d day of April, 1866, at 1
o'clock P. M. at the Government Stables,
TWENTY-THIRD and WALNUT Streets, Philacellphia Perusylvania

delphia, Pennsylvania,
FORTY WAGON LOADS OF MANURE.
Terms—Cash, in Government lunds.
By order of GEORGE H CROSMAN

Assistant Qr. M. General C. S. Army, HENRY BOWMAN. Captain and Assistant Q. M. 329 4t

Sale of GOVERNMENT VESSELS AND BARGES. D BARGES.

ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE.

PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, March 29, 1806.

Will be some at Public Auction, at the Government Wharf, HANOVER Street. Delaware avenue. Philadelphia, a cansylvania, on IUEsDAY, april 8, 1866, commencing at 10 o'clock A.M., the following named Steamers and Barges, viz.:—

Steam Propeller "H. J. DEVINNEY"

Steam Forry Trapsport "WELLLES"

Steam Ferry Transport "WELLES."
Barge "W. H. PLATTE"
The above vessels he at Hanover Street Wharf,
where they may be examined.
Terms—Cash, in Government Funds.

By order of
By Brig. Sen. GEORGE H. CROSWAN. Brev. Brig.-Gen. GEORGE H. CROSMAN. Assistant Qr. M. General U.S. Artify, HENEY BOWMAN, 3 20 4t Captain and Assistant Quartermaster.

SALE OF MANURE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S OFFICE, FIRST DIVISION,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 23, 1865

Will be sold at the Cavalry Depot, Gierboro, D.
C., a large quantity of stock-yard MANURE, which will be delivered to purchasers on the ground, or in barges or boats to be provided by them, at forty (40) cents rev cubic vard.

cents per cubic yard.

Two or more hoats (according to size) can be loaded per day. Torus Cash, in Government funds, Terms—Cash, in Government funds.

By order of the Quartermaster-General
JAMES A EKIN,

Brevet Brigadier-General,

2 27 29t In charge First Division Q. M. G. O.

CALE OF GOVERNMENT AMBULANCES,

ARMY WAGONS, AND CAR'S

CHITT QUARTEEMASTIL'S OFFICE,

DEFOT OF WASHINGTON,

WASHINGTON, D. C., Burea 15, 1866.)

Will be sold at Public Auction at LINCOLN

DEFOT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Under the direction of Brevet Colopel C, H. Rumpkins, Q. M., on

MONDAY, April 2, 1886, at 10 o'clock A. M., the
following mentioned Government-property, viz.:—

100 to 200 Light Ambu Euces,

300 to 500 Army Wagons.

which will be sold singly, and must be removed within five days from date of sa c. In addition to the above, there will be sold, at the

same time and place, ONE HUNDRED ONE-BORSE CARTS. The sale will be continued a on day to day until all the property is sold. If the property is sold.

Terms—Cash, in Governmen, funds.

D. H. RUCKER,

Brevet Major-Gen. and Chr. f Quartermaster, 3 16 16t Deper of Washington. MARRIAGE GUIDE,

MARBIAGE GUIDE, by DH. WM. YOUNG.
MARBIAGE GUIDE, by DR. WM. YOUNG.
MARBIA

THE STAMP AGENCY, NO. 304 CHESNUT STREET ABOVE THIRD, WILL BE CONTINUED AS HERETONGER.
STAMPS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION CONSTANTLY ON HAND, AND NARY AMOUNT.

GOVERNMENT SALES,

SALE OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTES

MACON, GA.

By direction of the SECRETARY OF WAR, all

And Stories of Various Linds,

Which were reducted at Macon, (se, by the Central Covernment, for the erection and permit derait covernment, for the erection and permit pretty operation of a large armory, laboratory, and rescent; and also

ICOLS, MACHINERY, AND MATERIALS

collected from from works and armores in the Scates of Alabama and Georgia, will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION.

Among the articles to be sold are:

9,000 ibs. Copper—round rod,
38,000 ibs. Copper—heet.

20,000 ibs. Copper—heet.

20,000 ibs. Copper—heet.

20,000 ibs. Wrought from—bar and rod.

Eto tons Fag from.

750 tons Cast Iron—unserviceable abells,
54,000 lbs. Lead—pies.
65,000 lbs. Tin—block and sheet.
4,000 lbs. Chain—crane and cable.
15,000 yards Cloth—cotton, English Serge, elled and the specific and cable.

82,000 lbs. Powder.

8,000 rect Belting - gum and leather, easorted 200 Machines-Drills, Planers, Milling, Screw-

Residen: Him Tolta cutting, Steam and Prop-hamme Saddles.
Horse Equipments.
Infanty and Cavefry Acceptation and bronze.
Laboratory Store: and Materials.
Spare Parts (new) for Springited Maskets and Colt's Revolvers, and an assortment of

1 tors, 80 broken Gun Carriages, The attention or Northern buvers is called to this sale, which is a large one, and of valuable property.

Fall printed Catalogues of the property to be sold can be obtained from the Chief of Ordnance at Washington, D. C., and from the Commanding Officer of the Augusta Arsenal, Georgia.

The sale will commence on

WEDNDSDAY, April 4, 1866, and continue every day until all the property

Torms Cash, in United States currency.

D. W. FLAGLER,
Captain Ord. Brev. Lt.-Colonel,
Com. Augusta Arsenal.

A UCTION SALE OF HOSPITAI, STORES

WHISKY, WINES, ETG.

MEDICAL TUNYAROR'S OFFICE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 21, 1866.

Will be seld at Public Auction in this city, at the
Judiciary Square Warehouse, back of the City Hall,
on WEDNESDAY, the 18th day of April next, at 10
o'clock A. M., the Jolqwing articles of Hospital
Stores and Lfouors, no longer required for the use of
the Medical Department of the army, viz.

Arrow Root. ... 10,000 lbs Dessicated PotaBarley. ... 10,000 "
Corn Starch. ... 10,000 "
Corn Starch. ... 10,000 "
Whisky quart
Uffinamon, Powd. 1,000 "
Farins. ... 20,000 "
Farins. ... 20,000 "
Taploca. ... 10,000 "
Salions. ... 2,000

Ext, of Reef. ... 20,000 "
Concent'd Mik. 20,000 "
Concent'd Mik. 20,000 "
Ext of Coffee ... 8,762 gal
Beans. ... 600 lbs
Tarrargona Wino,
Pea Beana. ... 2000 "
The above articles will be sold in lois to suit poth
large and small purchasers.

Terms—Cash.

Terms—Cash.

Five (5) days will be allowed to parties in removable property.

Catalogues ready by the 5th prox.

CHAS. SUTHERLAND. C. W. FOTFLER, Auctioneer. 3 22 231

BUREAU OF ORDNANCE,

WASHINGTON CITY, March 2. 1868

SALE OF NAVY FOW DERS AT THE NAVY
YARD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

There will be sold at Public Auction, to the highest
bidders, in the office of the Inspector of Ordinance
of the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y. at noon, on the
3d day of April, 1866, four thousand four hundred
and ninety-nine (4499) barrels Navy Powders.

These Powders will be sold by sample, in lots of
one hundred, two hundred, and three hundred
barrels. Purchasers to furnish barrels into which
the powders may be empited from the tanks.

Terms—One half cash in Government funds, and
the remainder on the removal of the Powders, for
which a period of ten days will be allowed. If not
then removed the Powders will revert to the Government.

3 3swt4 1 Chief of Bureau.

PROPOSALS.

DROPOSALS, SEALED PROPOSALS, IN M., MONDAY. the 16th day of April, 1886, for the delivery of 6000 head of BEEF CAPTLE on the hoof, for the use of captured Indians. The cettle is for the use of captured Indians. The cattle to be delivered to the A. C. S., for Indians at Fort Sumner, New Mexico

The first delivery to be on the 1st day of July, 1895, and to consist of 500 head of cattle; the subsequent deliveries to be in such numbers and at such times as may be required by the undersigned.

The cattle must be from three to five years of d, and must weigh at least 400 pounds not taken weight. to be ascertained according to manner laid down in the Subs Regulations of 1863), and to be of the best marketable quality. No Stage, Bulls, Cows, or heliers will be received. Whenever, in the opinion of the A.C. S. for In-dians, at Fort Sumner, the cuttle presented do not ruln! the conditions bere set forth, as many as do

not will be rejected. Ten per cent, of money due contractors will be retained until the contract is ful-filled. Two responsible persons must sign each bid, guaranteeing that it the contract is awarded to the party or parties therein proposing, they will enter into ample bonds for the faithful fulfi ment of the contract, and when the parties thus offering as sureties are unknown to the undersigned, their ability to reimburse the loss to the United States, which would accrue in case of failure, must be attested before a magistrate or other officer on powered to administer oaths.

The parties to whom this contract is let will be expected to fill the contract themselves—any sub-isting of the contract will be considered as a failure to comply with the contract, and the contractor will be held

responsible therefor,
Endome on the envelope "Proposals for Beef Cattle, at Fort Summer, New Mexico"

Captain and C.S. and Brevet Major, U.S. A.
Office Furchasing and Depot C.S., District of New Mexico, Santa Fe, N. M., February 7, 1806, 3 122;

A SSISTANT QUARTERMASIER GENE-RAL'S OFFICE.

PHILADRIPHIA, March 23, 1868.

Seeled Proposals will be received at this office until
THURSDAY, the 5th of April next, at 12 c'clock M.,
for immediate delivery at the Schuylkill Arsenal, in
merchantable packages of—
10,600 Brass Kings, 14 mehes.

10.000 Iron Wire Snaps (Hotohkiss' patent), 7 inch. 16,000 Iron 'D' Rings, 1 inch. 500 ibs. Copper Rivets, assorted, 500 ibs. Plax Sewing Twine, 40,000 yards 56 inch Burlaps; to be delivered at tha

rute of 5000 yards per week.

Farties offering goods should make separate proposals for each article offered, the quantity they propose to furnish, the price (which should be written both in words and figures), and conform to the terms of this advertisement, a copy of which should necessary each proposal.

Semples of the articles required may be seen at this office.

Samples, when submitted, must be marked and numbered no correspond with the proposals; and the

numbered to correspond with the proposals; and the parties thereto must guarantee that the goods shall be, in every respect, equal to sample, otherwise the proposals will not be considered.

Bids will be oresidered.

April next, at 12 o'clock M., when bidders are recuested to be pressure. The control of the co

The right is reserved to reject any hid desired un-reasonable, and no bid from a defaulting contractor will be received. Endorse envelope "Proposals for there insert the name of the article offered)"

By ordenof Brevet Brigadier-General GEORGE H. CROSMAN, Assistant Quartermaster-General

H. CROSMAN, Assistant Control of Captain and Assistant Cuartermaster, Brevet Major United States Army, 22 14 5

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RECORDS TO CONTRACT DOTAL THE RECORDS OF RESERVED. | DESIGNATION OF PROPERTY. Lived Octal P to cause olds and